

## **The Lovers Pact** by Hattersglasschild

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**Summary:** The Losers finally did it... they graduated high school and are moving on with their lives. One by one, they leave Derry but this doesn't sit well with Richie who has one thing he doesn't want to leave: Eddie. Unbeknownst to him, Eddie feels the same. When its Richie's turn to leave town, the two make a pact of their own.

## The Lovers Pact

**AN: WARNING: MAJOR SPOILERS FOR IT: CHAPTER TWO (Not until the next chapter but still)**

**Rated M for swearing and adult situations. ALL CHARACTERS ARE 18+**

**I honestly don't know how to feel about this. I ship these two so hard and wanted to write something so bad and this just sort of happened. Anyway, this is part One of a Two Part Fic. Also, I didn't read the book and am purely going off both movies so forgive me if my facts are off. Also, if either character is OOC I apologize. Anyway, enjoy!**

"Richie, what are we doing here this late?" Eddie whispered frantically, clutching his friend's hand tightly out of pure fear. After everything that went down with that stupid clown, he didn't like being out at night, especially in the woods. "My mom is going to kill me if I'm not home in twenty minutes."

"Would you relax Eds? You've been eighteen for like four months and what does that make you? A fucking adult. Act like one." Eddie groaned at the nickname, despising it like he always had.

"Don't call me that, trash mouth." Richie looked over his shoulder with a smirk.

"Baby it is then," he cooed with a wink, making the other teen blush furiously and turn into a flustered mess. He stopped in his tracks and let go of his hand.

"What? No way! That's not even funny Richie. We aren't... I mean we're not even..."

"Dude, chill. It was a joke. Just come on." Eddie's reaction was actually a bit painful for Richie but he was good at masking it. He'd had feelings for Eddie since they were twelve and they'd only gotten worse over the years. Sadly, he knew it would never happen but it didn't change anything.

It felt strange being at the clubhouse without the other losers. Out of

the seven of them, only four of them remained in Derry. Beverly had been the first to go. The second she turned eighteen and walked across the stage for graduation, she was gone. Nobody had heard from her since.

Bill was the next to go. He got a scholarship to a fancy college and left a week into summer. For the first few weeks, he touched base but then he became a ghost like Beverly.

Stan left with his family a week ago, leaving Richie, Eddie, Ben and Mike, but not for much longer. Richie climbed down the ladder and pulled out a book of matches, lighting a few candles to illuminate the space. It was exactly how the losers had left it the last time they were all together a week before graduation.

Eddie flopped down in the hammock after careful inspection and looked over at Richie, who stood awkwardly by the mantle with his hands shoved in his jean pockets.

"Well?" Eddie prompted, "You drug me all the way out here in the dark for something. Spit it out, Tozier."

"Shut it, dweeb. I'm thinking." Eddie snorted.

"*That* was your comeback? I thought you could do better than that." Richie just frowned, making Eddie's face fall too.

"Okay, you're acting stranger than usual and its weirding me out."

Richie flipped him off and shook his head, moving to sit next to Eddie in the hammock, their legs touching. He reached into his pocket and handed Eddie a rectangular sheet of paper. Eddie squinted at it in the dim lighting.

"California? Wait, you're leaving?" He didn't sound all that enthusiastic about it either. "When?"

"Tomorrow," he told him, avoiding his eyes.

"Tomorrow?" Eddie raised his voice, "You're fucking leaving for California with a one-way ticket tomorrow and you didn't think to tell me sooner?" It was clear he felt some sense of betrayal,

prompting Richie to attempt to explain himself.

"You don't think I didn't want to you idiot? I just didn't know how. Especially since everyone else dropped off the face of the Earth when they left and I didn't want that for us. We've been best friends for how long? The others I can work through but you? I can't lose you."

The sincerity in Richie's voice was weird to hear. He usually dealt with shit through shitty jokes and even shittier impressions. He was rarely ever this serious. Eddie stared at the ticket in his hand for a long time in silence. The quiet made Richie nervous.

"Earth to Eddie! Say something fucker!" Eddie looked up with an oddly blank expression.

"Have you brushed your teeth today?" he asked nonchalantly.

"What? Yes I- why?" He blew a breath into his hand and sniffed it, wondering if he really smelled that bad and wondering what his breath even had to do with anything in the first place. Eddie pushed his hand down and kissed the corner of his lips lightly.

"You'll never lose me Richie," he whispered, his lips so close to Richie's ear that it gave the other boy chills, "I won't let that happen."

Richie's body moved before his mind could even process what he was doing. He pushed Eddie back in the hammock and straddled his waist.

"I want you to swear it, Eddie. Swear that you'll stay in touch. Swear that you'll wait for me no matter where you end up. Swear that you'll be mine forever."

Eddie was a little stunned at their current position, but he meant the words that left his mouth.

"I swear, Richie. I swear." He held up his pinky like he wanted to make a pinky promise and as they locked pinkies, Richie pressed their lips together full force. They both groaned into it and Eddie started to squirm beneath him. His hands came up to rest on Richie's chest and Richie quickly pinned both of his hands above his head, making him wiggle even more, trying to pull them from his grasp.

"Richie," he moaned, turning his head so he could breathe for a moment. The other boy immediately began assaulting his neck with hot, open mouthed kisses. Eddie arched his body with a while, trying to free his hands again.

"Let me touch you back god damn it!" Richie pulled back for a moment, panting.

"No can do, Eds. Do you know how long I've wanted your hands on me? I won't be able to stop..." Eddie rolled his hips forward, displaying just how aroused he was.

"Then don't," he pleaded. Finally, his hands were freed and their lips met again. This time, Eddie pushed his hands under Richie's T-shirt, exploring his warm skin. The noise Richie made was soft but was still music to Eddie's ears. A sense of pride filled him. He'd done that. The feeling only intensified when both of his thumbs brushed Richie's nipples and he hissed. He sat back on his knees, fumbling to undo his belt, then popping the button on his jeans. He hesitated to pull them down, looking at Eddie with slight concern. His thick rimmed glasses were crooked and his hair was a mess but Eddie still looked at him with eyes filled with lust and adoration. He sat up, looping his fingers through Richie's belt loops, tugging them down slightly.

"Eddie, wait," he breathed but it was too late; his fingers had already found their way into his boxers, wrapping around his hardened cock.

"No more waiting. You've dreamed of this remember? And so have I. Don't think I don't want this."

"But earlier you-" Eddie cut him off.

"Earlier? I lied." He hushed him with another kiss and Richie bucked into his hand, twisting his fingers in his hair. Eddie tightened his grip, pumping his hand back and forth rapidly as he nibbled on Richie's lip, their tongues intertwining. Richie felt his cock twitch and he knew he was getting close. He breathed Eddie's name over and over like a steady mantra, taking his free hand and holding it tightly.

"Fuck," he cursed, his whole body going stiff. "Fuck, Eddie, I love you!" he rasped as he found release, his cum covering Eddie's hand.

When he felt the sticky substance coat his fingers, he pulled back, wide eyed, staring at it in horror.

"Ew! Ew ew ew oh my god!" He shook his hand, not wanting to wipe it on himself or Richie and not knowing what else to do. All he could think about in that moment were the possible germs but all Richie could do was giggle helplessly.

"I'm sorry babe. I should have warned you."

"You think?" he shot back, gesturing to his hand. "Do something!" Richie took him by the wrist, purring as he took one of his fingers into his mouth. Eddie looked shocked and tried to protest but Richie wasn't stopping.

"My mouth is clean, remember?" he cooed and continued until Eddie's hand was devoid of cum. "Better?" Eddie swallowed hard and shook his head, looking down at the bulge in his pants.

"Richie... Please..." Richie smiled, cradling a very embarrassed Eddie to his chest.

"I'll take care of it," he promised, kissing his forehead. He helped Eddie out of his shorts and stood him up before lowering himself to his knees. He teased the tip of Eddie's erection with his tongue until Eddie begged him for more. Then he took his entire length into his mouth at once without so much as gagging. Turns out trash talking wasn't the only thing Richie could do well with his mouth. Once they were both satisfied, they cuddled against each other as the hammock swayed from side to side.

"The others would totally kill us right now if they knew what we just did," Eddie mumbled with a yawn.

"Yeah, well fuck the others. They can eat my entire ass." Eddie giggled sleepily.

"Beep beep, Richie," he cooed, pecking his lips. "Oh, and for the record, I love you too."